

THE RHYME OF THE FLYING CHAUFFEUR



A wild shape flies through the Jersey night,
With buss and whir and roar;
A phantom auto—an awful sight—
That pulses and glows with a ghostly light
As she flies forevermore!

It was a chauffeur, pale and lean,
An ancient man and wise,
Of grimy he reeked and gasolene;
Behind his goggles' greenish sheen
Glittered his sunken eyes.

His skinny hands both gripped my arm,
As though a steering wheel,
His voice was hoarse and strangely worn,
Like warning croak of eerie horn
From ghostly autopiel.

"Oh, say," quoth he, "I know my trade
From A down unto Z;
There was no auto ever made
I knew not. But I was afraid
At last, as you will see

"But say, the record did I break
From Paris to Berlin!
I was ninety miles an hour we make—
So fast the breath was hard to take—
And me? I sit and grin!

"Well, so I came across the sea
To smash the records here,
Than I no greater 'chauf' could be,
Some good, but for the artist, me!
I serve a millionaire!

"The Yankee is a swift, swift song,
Are all nations for speed;
You often hurry some things wrong,
And hurry into graves ere long,
With Satan in the lead

"This millionaire was quite distraught,
No one could satisfy
He cut aside each auto bought,
And none could reach the speed he sought—
Indeed, he wished to fly!

"Alas! it was an evil hour—
We buy the great machine,
She was a hundred horses power,
The magnate paid a prince's dower.
Oh, say! She was a dream!

"Aha! The millionaire did leap,
And laugh, and pat her wheel,
'Chauffeur!' he cried, 'all others creep,

We'll make a record while they sleep,
This is an automobile!"

"Well, so I took her through the night
Across the Jersey side,
The auto soon did know its might;
It thrilled to feel her strain and fight
To start that awful ride!

"Aha! We found the road, and so
We let her have the head!
She leaped right upward in a glow
Of smoke and flame and whir and blow—
I gave me up for dead!

"When we came down and hit the road
She gave a mighty spring!
The demons in her linards stowed
They roared and chugged and puffed and
blowed,
But I did pray and cling!

"The night rushed by us streaked with fire,
The devil underneath, I did,
Unchained, was leaping in his ire,
Our steed was like a demon dire
With bit between the teeth!

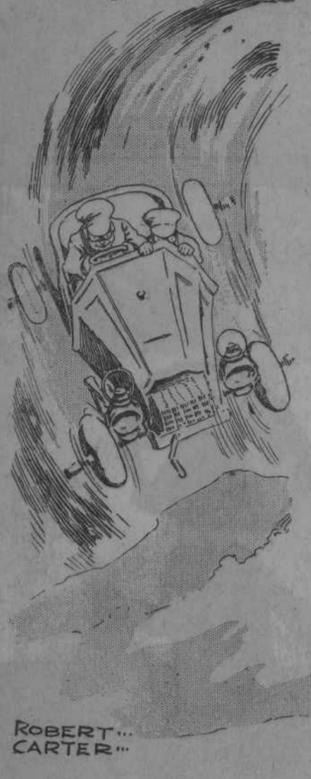
"Aha! We're mostly in the air,
Just touched the highest place!
Ah, you should see the millionaire;
He laughed and chuckled grim and glare—
He scared me with his face!

"Wasn't the night on demon wing,
With whir and groan and away,
'More speed!' at me his voice, he'd fling,
'We'll break the record with this thing
It takes till Judgment Day!

"Aha! We climb the one hill tall,
And down the slope we ride!
Ride, do I say? But, rather, fall!
The auto she is like a ball
And rolls upon her side!

"And I hit something with my face!
Some million sparks I see.
Puff! Bang! The auto quit the race;
Went up in smoke! Left was no trace
All that remains is me!

"But still there flies through the Jersey night,
With buss and whir and roar,
A phantom machine—an awesome sight,
Which pulses and glows with a ghostly light
As she flies forever more,
ROBERT DAY CARTER.



ROBERT DAY CARTER

WELCOME AUTUMN.

BY MATTHEW LANG.
Summer days,
Melting hot,
Get no praise—
Best forgot.
Summer maid,
Oh, beware!
I've been played
Most unfair,
Summer days,
Cupid's heat!
Cupid's plays?
Just a cheat!
Plenty rot
Always writ;
What is not
Just is it.
Give me days
Cool and fair;
Golden haze,
Winelike air.
Days of light,
When the sun
Doesn't smite
Luckless one.
Summer cries
"Man's a fool!"

SUNFLOWER SMILES FROM KANSAS:

Beats the world-hail.
The hello girl will no doubt be the first to
arise at Gabriel's trump. She is so used to
being called up.
You inquire, Artie, if there is really any
difference between an ice house and an ice
plant. You say, "They both hold frozen
water, don't they?" Yes, but in one the
water's frozen before it goes; in the other it
goes before it's frozen.
The popular comedian doesn't have to be a
lumber dealer, though he may be a clap
board man.
If a man is a chronic kicker it shows in
his countenance, and he grows uglier every
day. Look at the frog. Isn't he ugly? And
he's always kicking about the water he is in.
Before the money lender causes city bonds
to float he should see the tax roll.
An interesting lay figure—the price of eggs.
Mr. Beazle—What kind o' hawks do you
all think is best to raise?
Mr. Fezle—I don't claim to know hardly

which is the best make o' hawks. In fact, I
don't know hawks very well, except 'long
'bout hawg killin' time. Then when the wa-
ter's hot an' I hev the right kind of a knife
I frekently scrape up an acquaintance. An'
that makes me think, 'There's the time o'
year when we hev spar ribs an' back bones—
the only time I ever do any backbitin'."

By T. C. McCONNELL,
the "Hal! Man of Holton."
his choice between the key to fame and the
key to fortune, he would naturally take the
monkey key.
Reflection of a bachelor:
I've heard much comment, madam,
From our neighbors all,
Upon your bouncing baby
And his bouncing bawl.
Holton has an exceedingly modest girl who
is learning to draw. She called a man into
her studio and asked his advice. "Here,"
she said, "I've drawn a dog, all but the er-
ror—the conclusion. Would you make that
smooth, sharp and pointed, or nice and
bushy?"
After giving his opinion the man said:
"That reminds me of the time I used to
dabble some in the drawing art myself. I
undertook once to draw a dog unconscio-
usly—that is, the dog was unconscious of my
presence. I had arrived at the same point
you have, and was pondering as you are
doing, when my model suddenly discovered
my presence, and I didn't have time to draw
any conclusion at all. In fact, the dog drew
his own conclusion and I—well, I drew six
weeks' indemnification from an accident as-
sociation in which I was insured."

CONDENSED NOVEL.

BY EDWIN J. WEBSTER.
M Y publishers have been urging me to
condense my stories; not to go so
much into details, simply to suggest
things and leave the rest to the
reader," said the struggling young author.
"And now," he added, in tones of placid
triumph—"now I have written something
which I know will appeal to them. It is in
three chapters.
CHAPTER I.
"Ha!" exclaimed the villain, in tones of
exultant villainy.
CHAPTER II.
"Ho!" thundered the hero, in tones of he-
roic bravery.
CHAPTER III.
"Hee, hee!" thrilled the lovely heroine, in
dulcet tones, in which were combined ad-
miration for the brave hero and horror of the
villain and his villainy.
"In these few words," continued the strug-
gling young author, exultantly, "are con-
densed crime, virtue and love; the inter-
mingled pathos and tragedy of three lives.
There is no burden of detail, no lack of sug-
gestiveness. I don't see how my great work
can fail to lead the six best selling books
of the year.

TALES OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

By Tom Masson.
A Cheap Racket.
"LET us," said Whittier, "now that the
cook has left, go down town and get
an inexpensive meal."
Mrs. Whittier yawned.
"I'd rather get a bite at home," she said.
"I don't feel a bit hungry."
"Well," said her husband, "neither do I,
but the change will do us good. We'll get
some."
"All I want is some cold tongue and a cup
of tea."
"And all I want is a sandwich and a cup
of coffee. How would it do for us to walk?"
The Whittiers lived some fifteen blocks
from the restaurant district, and this propo-
sition seemed to please Mrs. Whittier.
"Just the thing," she replied. In a moment
she had donned her poncee coat, and in the
glimmer and gleam of the late afternoon
they strolled off down the principal avenue.
"This idea," said Whittier, as he sniffed
the air, "of blowing in all your good money
on food I never could understand. I believe
in having enough, of course, but New York-
ers—indeed, all Americans—eat too much."
"Yes, I suppose that's so," said Mrs.
Whittier, contentedly. "I think I'll
change my mind about that tongue and have
lobster salad."
"That hits me, too," said Whittier, as he
swung his stick and walked briskly by her
side. "I don't know but a little lobster salad
and, say, a bottle of beer, would be a good
idea."
"Beer or ale?" said Mrs. Whittier, insinu-
atingly. The fine, bracing air, even if it was
city air, was doing her good.
"Well, ale," said Whittier. "I always feel
as though I was getting more for my money
when I order ale."
They walked on for several blocks in
silence. Pretty soon they came to a fashion-
able restaurant—a couple of blocks above the
one they were going to. In the window the
people were sitting at the tables doing what
the majority of people like to do better than
anything else except love making—stuffed
themselves. Mrs. Whittier took her hus-
band's arm.
"I don't know," she said, "but I'll change
my mind about that salad. Perhaps."
Her husband turned and looked her sternly
in the eye.
"My dear," he said half-savagely, "suppose
you leave that part to me."
They entered the restaurant they were
bound for. The head waiter seated them at
a table. The waiter deferentially placed the
bill of fare in front of Whittier.
Whittier picked it up firmly and authori-
tatively.

MOSQUITO FABLE-FLIGHTS.

By Fulwell Wise.
Squaring the Circle.
ONCE upon a time a man entered the cir-
cle of practical politics, with the firm
determination to be a reformer and be
perfectly square in all that he did, and
began looking for a lucrative office.
He soon found that to accomplish his pur-
pose he had to make promises that he knew
he could never fulfill, and had to give his
aid to questionable proceedings in order to
obtain requisite influence.
Moral:—You can not square the political
circle.
Higher Criticism.
ONCE upon a time an ambitious theat-
rical manager paid a large price for a
play, and at a great expense prepared
it for production on the stage.
On the opening night he was very anxious
indeed, and with palpating heart watched
for the first evidence of its effect on the au-
dience.
There was quite a suspense, and then the
anxious manager saw that the play did not
meet with the approval of the gallery gods.
He tried to win their favorable criticism, but
could not, and, the rest of the house taking
its cue from the gallery, the play was an ab-
solute failure and had to be withdrawn at a
great loss.
Moral:—The most potent criticism comes
from the higher circles.
Man and His Fall.
ONCE upon a time there was a young
bachelor who fell into bad habits, then
fell into a fortune and finally fell in love
and was married in the fall.
Moral:—When a man begins to fall there is
no telling to what depths he will descend.
He Was Prejudiced.
ONCE upon a time a young man who was
anxious to play the races called on a
man of experience for advice, and got it.
"Do not bet on horses," he said. "If
you want to invest a dollar buy a bag, put a
sharpened nail in the end of a stick, so and
pick rags, and at the end of the year you
will have more money than if you put the
money on a horse race."
"You are prejudiced," answered the young
man.
"Perhaps I am," was the reply, "but my
advice is good, just the same. After taking
tips, my money and all the money of my

TALES OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

By Tom Masson.
He Waited.
"WILL you give me a kiss?" he asked.
"Certainly not!" she replied.
It was in the old back parlor,
where the shadows deepen and lose
themselves in the abysses of the old mahog-
any furniture, and they were, of course,
alone. But he thought to himself afterward
that perhaps they were too much alone, and
maybe after all her family was too near and
she had that natural timidity in which one
might feel enveloped in the rigidity of a
home atmosphere.
And so, on a later day, as they walked
down a quiet country lane, with the heat
rising in spirals in the distance and the
busy bees humming over the heavy laden
blossoms, with no one in sight, he turned
again to her softly and said:
"Will you give me a kiss."
"Most assuredly not, sir," she replied, toss-
ing her beautiful head in the warm summer
breeze.
Discomfited but not discouraged, he argued
to himself that after all the time and the
place might not have been so propitious as
he thought it was. Perhaps the day, after
all, was too bright. So he waited again until
one star spangled evening hung over them
and the golden moon seemed to bid him take
courage, as they rocked side by side on the
silent piazza. And once more he whispered
gently:
"Will you—will you give me a kiss?"
And the answer came back, sudden and
sure:
"No, sir!" while he, in the semi-darkness,
seemed to feel the sudden flush that en-
veloped her cheek.
They had been good friends, he argued,
for mingled with his love for her was this
touch of friendship that made him hesitate,
yet still persistent. Surely, he said to him-
self, she was too obdurate. And then, in
anger at himself, he did not stop to consider,
but the next afternoon, behind a broad,
sheltering rock, in the broad light of day,
with no mood of time and place to aid him,
he turned wittily and, drawing her to him,
without asking, he kissed her surely and in-
evitably full on the lips. And the girl said:
"Oh, how could you! Please do it again!"



Sir Lancelot—What do you think of the divorce question?
The Widow—Well, it is awkward to meet six husbands in one
cat show.